

Look for the Constellation Andromeda.

BETWEEN 9 and 10 o'clock in the evening look almost directly overhead and you will see the constellation celebrated in story and fable under the name of Andromeda. It is conspicuously marked by a row of bright stars, commencing with Alpherat in the Square of Pegasus and running eastward.

For the Young Girl

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WITH plaits pressed in from top almost to toe this frock of navy blue serge "allims" you whether you are slim or no. The knotted white satin collar is smart.

THE clumsiness of the top-coat is past," says this svelte model of brown, gray, navy blue, mahogany, black, or taupe cheviot velours and seal nutria.

The Fatal Ring

A STORY REPLETE WITH ROMANCE AND ADVENTURE

By Fred Jackson.

Episode 18.

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THE "Spider," who had presided them, was waiting for them at the French window that opened upon the lower floor. Already the strange little man had succeeded in opening the catches on them, and they swung wide.

"Two must go in, and one must wait here on guard," he announced almost noiselessly. They understood, as much from the motion of his lips as from the sounds he made.

"Spider's" Business.

"I'll go in," volunteered Pearl, and one of you can come with me."

"I will," offered Tom.

"No, I'd better," said the "Spider." "After all, this is my business. I understand it. I know the tricks. If it is Miss Standish's safety you are thinking of, she's better off with me, in there, than with you."

"I dare say you're right," admitted Tom, reluctantly. "Very well. I'll stay here on the look-out."

"Good! And whilst if you hear any unusual or suspicious sounds!"

Who's Who in the Thrilling New Film

Pearl Standish PEARL WHITE

Richard Carslake Warner Oland

The High Priestess Ruby Hoffman

Tom Carleton Henry Gzell

"Right-off," agreed Tom. "Trust me for that!"

Pearl and the "Spider" stepped across the threshold and entered the dark house.

After the bright moonlight outside, it was impossible to distinguish anything in the gloom, and the "Spider," who had eyes like a cat, was forced to guide Pearl at every step. Once she would have fallen over a footstool if he had not seized her arm just in time to arrest her; and once, she would have walked directly into a solid paneled wall. But eventually they reached the stairway without mishap and began to ascend.

She learned the trick of mounting with some assurance, before she had climbed half a flight, but she walked in the center of the steps instead of on the edge, and some of them cracked.

Otherwise the silence of the house remained unbroken, however. Apparently their presence was as yet undiscovered.

They reached the top of the stairs, located the chief bedroom, and found the door unlocked.

In the bed some one was snoring gently. The "Spider" stood beside the bed, smiling slightly as Pearl found her way to the dressing-table and came back triumphantly with the bottle of San-Yan. They went out of the boudoir, down the steps, and out of the house, without being discovered—and the woman who lived there never could figure out what became of her precious perfume.

Near the gates, Pearl stooped down to break the bottle over a stone. All three bent over, looking for the diamond, but it was not there.

In Carslake's Hands.

As they gazed, in profound disappointment, Carslake's voice sounded in their ears, and they started up to find themselves surrounded and covered with revolvers.

"Too bad," said the thief, ironically. "However, I'll spare you another disappointment. Halcott, you stand guard over them here. The rest of us will go on to the fourth and last place."

Pearl writhed in agony over the new turn of events, for as they had eliminated three of the bottles of perfume, there remained only one to investigate, and the diamond was certain to be in that!

To Be Continued To-morrow.

Household Suggestions

If paraffin oil and water be put into a sprinkling pot and all places where flies breed and increase in thousands be sprinkled with the mixture, the eggs will be destroyed, and the household be spared an intolerable nuisance and a real danger.

To preserve eggs, fill a wooden box with ordinary salt, smear each egg over with olive oil, and place it in the salt with the pointed end downwards. Eggs treated in this way will keep fresh for some time.

A tablespoonful of sweet milk to the gallon will clear cloudy vinegar.

Pour the milk in, let it stand for twenty-four hours, then pour the vinegar off very carefully so as to not to disturb the sediment that will be found at the bottom of the jar.

To keep white enamelware from discoloring, make a strong solution of baking soda and rainwater, put the utensils in it, and boil them hard. They will be as white as when new.

When watering window plants add about a teaspoonful of sal volatile to every two pints of water. It sometimes revives plants that apparently have no life in them.

You Will Find "The Vampire" a Gripping Serial—Don't Miss It



Magazine Page



DRACULA, OR THE VAMPIRE

By BRAM STOKER.

PART ONE—(Continued)

As he spoke he took from his pocketbook the memorandum which had been in Lucy's breast, and which she had torn in her sleep.

"When you find anything of the sort—the name and address of Mrs. Westerman's solicitor and had written to him tonight. For me, I watch here in the room, and in Miss Lucy's old room all day, and I myself search for what may be. It is not well that her very thoughts go into the hands of strangers."

I went on with my part of the work, and in another half-hour had found the name and address of Mrs. Westerman's solicitor and had written to him. All the poor lady's papers were in order; explicit directions regarding the place of burial were given. I had hardly sealed the letter, when, to my surprise, Van Helsing walked into the room, saying:

"Can I help you, friend John? I am free, and if I may, my service is to you."

"Have you got what you looked for?" I asked, to which he replied:

"I did not look for any specific thing. I only hoped to find, and find I have, all that there was—only some letters and a few memoranda, and a few new bequests. But I have them here, and we shall for the present say nothing of them. I shall see that poor lady tomorrow evening, and, with his sanction, I shall use some."

When we had finished the work in hand, he said to me:

"And now, friend John, I think we may to bed. We want sleep, both you and I, and rest to recuperate. Tomorrow we shall have much to do, but for the tonight there is no need of us. Adieu!"

Before turning in we went to look at poor Lucy. The undertaker had certainly done his work well, for the room was turned into a small chapel of ardente. There was a wilderness of beautiful white flowers and death was made as little repulsive as might be. The end of the winding sheet was laid over the face; when the professor bent over and turned it gently back, we both started at the beauty before us, the tall wax handles showing a sufficient light to note it well.

All Lucy's loveliness had come back to her in death, and the hours that had passed, instead of leaving traces of decay's effacing fingers, had but restored the beauty of life, till positively I could not believe my eyes that I was looking at a corpse.

THE DEATH CHAMBER

IS DECKED WITH GARLIC.

The professor looked sternly at me, and had not I seen her as I had, and there was no need for tears in his eyes. He said to me: "Remain till I return," and left the room. He came back with a handful of wild garlic, which had not been opened, and placed the flowers among the others on and around the bed. Then he took from his neck, inside his collar, a little gold crucifix, and placed it over the mouth. He restored the sheet to its place, and we came away.

I was undressing in my own room, when, with a premonitory tap at the door, he entered, and at once began to speak:

"Tomorrow I want you to bring me, before night, a set of post-mortem knives."

"Must we make an autopsy?" I asked.

"Yes and no. I want to operate, but not as you think. Let me tell you now, but not a word to another. I want to cut off her head and take out her heart. Ah! you a surgeon, and so shocked! You, whom I have seen with no tremble of hand or heart, do operations of life and death that make the rest shudder. Oh, but I must not forget, my dear friend John, that you loved her; and I have not forgotten it. For it is I shall operate, and you must only help."

"I would like to do it tonight, but for Arthur I must not; he will be free after his father's funeral tomorrow, and he'll want to see her—to see it. Then, when she is confined

ready for the next day, you and I shall come when all sleep. We shall unscrew the coffin lid, and shall do our operation; and then replace all, so that no one knows, save we alone."

"But why do it at all? The girl is dead. Why mutilate her poor body without need? And if there is no necessity for a post-mortem and nothing to gain by it—no good to her, to us, to science, to human knowledge—why do it? Without such it is monstrous."

For answer he put his hand on my shoulder, and said, with infinite tenderness:

"Friend John, if pity your bleeding heart; and I love you the more because it does so bleed. If I could, I would take on myself the burden that you do bear. But there are things that you know not, but that you shall know, and bless me for knowing, though they are not pleasant things. John, my child, you have been my friend now many years, and yet did you ever know me to do any without good cause? I may err—I am but a man; but I believe in all I do. Was it not for these causes that you send for me when the great trouble came? Yes! Were you not amazed, nay horrified, when I would not let Arthur kiss his love—though she was dying—and snatched him away by all my strength? Yes! And yet you saw how she thanked me, with her so beautiful dying eyes, her voice, too, so weak, and she kissed my rough old hand and bless me! Yes! And did you not hear me swear promise to her, that so she close her eyes gratefully? Yes! Yes!

"Well, I have good reason now for all I want to do. You have for many years trust me; you have believed me weeks past, when there be things, so strange that you might have well doubt. Believe me yet a little, friend John. If you trust me not, then I must tell what I think; and that is not perhaps well. And if I work—as work I shall, no matter trust or no trust—without my friend trust in me, I work with heavy heart and feel, oh! so lonely when I want all help and courage that may be!" He paused a moment and went on solemnly:

"Friend John, there are strange and terrible days before us. Let us not be two, but one, and let us work to a good end. Will you not have faith in me?"

I took his hand and promised him. I held my door open as he went away, and watched him go into his room and close the door. As I stood without moving, I saw one of the maids pass silently along the passage—she had her back toward me, so did not see me—and go into the room where Lucy lay. The sight touched me. Devotion is so rare, and we are so grateful to those who show it unasked to those we love. Here was a poor girl putting aside the terrors which she naturally had of death to go watch alone by the bed of the mistress whom she loved, so that the poor clay might not be lonely till laid to eternal rest.

I must have slept long and soundly, for it was broad daylight when Van Helsing woke me by coming into my room. He came over to my bedside and said:

"You need not trouble about the knives; we shall not do it."

"Why not?" I asked. For his solemnity of the night before had greatly impressed me.

"Because," he said, sternly, "it is too late—or too early. See! Here he held up the little golden crucifix. 'This was stolen in the night.'"

"How, stolen?" I asked in wonder, "since you have it now?"

"Because I got it back from the worthless wretch who stole it, from the woman who robbed the dead and the living. Her punishment will surely come, but not through me; she only stole, and you must only help."

He went away on the word, leaving me with a new mystery to think of, a new puzzle to grapple with.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow)

Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

Marrying a Soldier.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I have, for the past three years, been going out steadily with the young man to whom I am betrothed.

Until the sudden outbreak of this war, we were to have been married on this coming Thanksgiving Eve, but the various members of my family now believe that the question of matrimony should not be considered at the present time, inasmuch as the gentleman in the case is subject to the draft.

My family says "If I am capable of supporting a crippled man for life, to go ahead and marry."

Do you not think that this is rather a cold-blooded way to view the entire situation?

I am making a substantial salary and my anticipations are, if my sweetheart is called to the colors, to retain my position until the war terminates.

In addition to myself there are several stenographers here at the office in similar situations as the one quoted above, who are anxiously awaiting your response through the Evening Journal.

S. M. E.

YES, I do think that the attitude of your family is rather a cold-blooded one. But, on the other hand, I have heard a very splendid man—an officer in the army express the same idea. Said he: "I don't dare marry the girl I love,

because if I do, I am putting myself in a position where, unless I come back from the war practically unscathed, I—won't come back. I'm not willing to be a drag on her later, crippled or maimed, as I might be if I married her."

I met his suggestion with another one—wouldn't the same idea hold good even if they were only engaged? But he said, "No, it would not, because then he would not feel that the girl he loved was shackled and bound to a cripple."

Now, I personally, do not hold these views. First of all, the war means sacrifice, and sacrifice nobly made for all of us. So fine women will not ask to be immune. Each will gladly take her chances of standing by a man who is giving himself to his country—and if he comes back crippled or maimed—needing love and devotion, who more proud than the girl who cares for him to stand by the wounded lover who has need of her? Any other attitude seems to me to be ignominious—to be an attempt to evade responsibility—to be a failure to stand by the man to whom your love itself demands that you be loyal. I don't believe in sudden, hysterical war marriages, but with a three years' friendship in the background, it seems to me you would ought to take place just as you have planned it.

The Wrong Trail

Perhaps We Would All Cause Less Trouble in This World If We Were Compelled to Witness the Conditions We Leave Behind Us.

By MARY ELLEN SIGSBEE



By Mary Ellen Sigbee.

WHILE Elsie was resolutely putting her pencil back in her pocket that morning on the train, and turning her attention to something more pleasant than thoughts of her mother's grief, her parents were discovering that she was not in the house.

The shock of her departure did not descend upon them all at once. It is hard for parents to realize that the child which so short a while ago lay helplessly in their arms has grown into so entirely separate a human being.

The vague uneasiness of finding her not there, the growing dread upon seeing her neat bed had not been slept in, developed into fear and panic as the hours passed by. Her mother tried to believe that Elsie could not have found it in her heart to go away thus, without a word of farewell, but all the while memories of her daughter's discontent gnawed at her heart.

The recollection of her recent renovation of her wardrobe, although at the time it had caused no question in her mind, now came to her with a pang of terror and grief. That night when the father and mother went upstairs for the hundredth time to search the little room for some possible clue to the missing girl, her mother threw herself upon her knees beside the little bed and sobbed as though her heart would break—the hard dry sobs of middle age such as Elsie had never seen. She knew now that her little girl had run away and left her.

Life had not been easy for this woman. Hard work and little joy had long been her portion, but the days and nights which followed held a grief and uncertainty that were almost too great to be borne. Could Elsie have seen her haggard-faced mother then she would perhaps have realized what she had done. We can find no real happiness by any trail that rides rough-shod over the happiness of others—but sometimes it takes a lifetime to discover this.

Even deeper than any personal grief was the longing of both

parents to know that she was safe—and happy. They longed to know what had attracted her away from her home. They remembered Aunt Elsie's gloomy accounts of the numerous young men who had admired Elsie the past summer. Her mother was sure, however, that she was but little interested in any one of them. One wild conjecture after another tormented their thoughts. There in the little sitting room of her home that night her mother said, struggling with her tears: "Of one thing I'm certain, Elsie is good—nothing could make me believe any different."

"If only she would come home—"

whatever she has done," said her father.

"Well," said her brother, the eldest of the family, smothering his mother's hair, "Bis has too much common sense to get into any real trouble. I bet she'll be back soon."

Meanwhile off in the great city Elsie had still failed in finding either of her two friends. She had discovered that there was a long list of applications ahead of hers in each of the big stores to which she applied for work. Her money was fast going. She was finding out that the great city holds no golden opportunities and many dangers for a young girl without money or friends.

(To Be Continued.)

War Time Recipes

The following recipes have been tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute, conducted by GOOD HOUSEKEEPING, and are republished here by special arrangement with that publication, the Nation's Greatest Home Magazine.

All measurements are level, standard half-pint measuring cups, tablespoons and teaspoons being used. Sixteen level tablespoons equal a half-pint. Quantities are sufficient for six persons unless otherwise stated. Flour is sifted once before measuring.

Food values are measured in terms of heat. The unit of measurement is the calory. The child and the sedentary worker require fewer calories than the grown person and the one at hard or even moderate labor. The child under two requires 1050 calories a day; from two to five, 1400; from six to nine, 1750; from ten to twelve, 2100; from here the requirements rise rapidly to 4200 calories a day for the man at hard labor, though the average is around 2800 for the boy and girl under twenty and the man or woman who is fairly active. Give your family enough, but not too much. The calory values given with each recipe printed will enable you to plan menus that are right.

Stuffed Peppers 2190 Calories

One dozen sweet green peppers, one pound sausage-meat, one small onion, two-thirds cupful cracker-crumbs, two tablespoonfuls catchup, one egg, three-quarter teaspoonful salt. Milk to soften.

Cut off tops of peppers and put these through the food-chopper with the onion, combining with the remaining ingredients, and adding milk to soften as seems necessary. Stuff into the peppers (after removing the seeds). Top with cracker-crumbs. Set the peppers in a baking dish with a little warm water to keep them from sticking, and bake in a moderate oven from forty-five minutes to an hour, until the meat is brown and the peppers are soft.

Indian Meal 1,090 Calories

Three eggs, 4 cupful sugar, 4 cupful milk, 4 teaspoonful salt, 4 cupful Indian meal, 4 cupful cold water, 4 cupful boiling water, 4 cupful stale bread crumbs.

Scald the milk, pour it over the eggs, sugar and salt and beat together slightly. Cook till of the consistency of custard. Add to the custard a mush made by mixing the cornmeal and cold water. Then add the boiling water and cook thoroughly. Stir the bread crumbs into the mixture and bake in a moderate oven.

Chestnuts 1,145 Calories

One pound chestnuts, three medium-sized sour apples.

Remove shells from chestnuts; then blanch and remove skins carefully. Put kernels in a steamer with the apples sliced on top and steam until chestnuts are meaty, about one hour.